NUMB. CXXXIII.

The GUARDIAN.

Oh! fatal Love of Fame! Oh Glorious Heat!
Only Deſtructive to the Brave and Great. Campaign.

Thurſday, Auguſt 13. 1713.

THE Letters which I publiſhed in the *Guardian* of *Saturday* laſt, are written with ſuch Spirit and Greatneſs of Mind, that they had excited a great Curioſity in my Lady *Lizard*'s Family, to know what occaſioned the Quarrel betwixt the two brave Men who wrote them; and what was the Event of their Combat. I found the Family the other Day liſtning in a Circle to Mr. *William* the *Templer*, who was informing the Ladies, of the Ceremonies uſed in the *Single Combat*, when the Kings of *England* permitted ſuch Trials to be performed in their Preſence. He took Occaſion, from the chance of ſuch judicial Proceedings, to relate a Cuſtom uſed, in a certain Part of *India*, to determine Law-Suits, which he produced as a Paralell to the *Single Combat*. The Cuſtom is, *That the Plaintiff and Defendant are thrown into a River, where each endeavours to keep under Water as long as he is able; and he who comes up firſt, loſes the Cauſe.* The Author adds, *that if they had no other way of deciding Controverſies in* Europe, *the Lawyers might e'en throw themſelves in after them.*

The Mirth, occaſioned by this *Indian* Law, did not hinder the Ladies from reflecting ſtill more upon the above named Letters. I found they had agreed, that it muſt be a Miſtreſs which cauſed the Duel; and Mrs. *Cornelia* had already fettled in her Mind the Faſhion of their Arms, their Colours and Devices: My Lady only aſked, with a Sigh, if either of the Combatants had a Wife and Children. In order to give them what Satisfaction I could, I looked over my Papers; and though I could not find the Occaſion of the Difference, I ſhall preſent the World with an authentick Account of the Fight, written by the Survivor to a Courtier. The gallant Behaviour of the Combatants may ſerve to raiſe in our Minds yet a higher Deteſtation of that falſe Honour, which robs our Country of Men ſo fitted to ſupport, and adorn it.

Sir Edward Sackvill's *Relation of the Fight betwixt him and the Lord* Bruce.

Worthy Sir,

'AS I am not ignorant, ſo ought I to be ſenſible, of the falſe Aſperſions, ſome Authorleſs Tongues have laid upon me, in the Reports of the unfortunate Paſſage lately happened between the Lord *Bruce*, and my ſelf, which as they are ſpread here, ſo may I juſtly fear they reign alſo where you are. There are but two Ways to reſolve Doubts of this Nature; by Oath, or by Sword. The firſt is due to Magiſtrates, and communicable to Friends; the other to ſuch, as maliciouſly ſlander, and impudently defend their Aſſertion. Your Love, not my Merit, aſſure me, you hold me your Friend, which Eſteem I am much deſirous to retain. Do me therefore the Right to underſtand the Truth of that, and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with ſiniſter Rumours, much prejudicial to that fair Opinion I deſire to hold amongſt all worthy Perſons. And, on the Faith of a Gentleman, the Relation I ſhall give is neither more nor leſs than the bare Truth. The incloſed contains the firſt Citation, ſent me from *Paris* by a *Scottiſh* Gentleman, who delivered it me in *Derbyſhire* at my Father-in-Law's Houſe: After it follows my then Anſwer, returned him by the ſame Bearer. The next is my Accompliſhment of my firſt Promiſe, being a particular Aſſignation of Place, and Weapons, which I ſent, by a Servant of mine, by Poſt from *Rotterdam*, as ſoon as I landed there. The Receipt of which, joined with an Acknowledgment of my too fair Carriage to the Deceaſed Lord, is teſtified by the Laſt, which Periods the Buſineſs till we meet at *Tergoſo* in *Zeland*, it being the Place allotted for Rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. *Crawford*, an *Engliſh* Gentleman, for his *Second*, a Surgeon, and a Man, arrived with all the ſpeed he could. And there having rendred himſelf, I addreſſed my Second, Sir *John Heidon*, to let him underſtand, that now all following ſhould be done by Conſent, as concerning the Terms whereon we ſhould fight, as alſo the Place. To our *Seconds* we gave Power for their Appointments, who agreed we ſhould go to *Antwerp*, from thence to *Bergen-op-zoom*, where in the mid-way but a Village divides the *States*'s Territories from the *Arch-Duke*'s. And there was the deſtined Stage, to the end, that having ended, he, that could, might preſently exempt himſelf from the Juſtice of the Country, by retiring into the Dominion not offended. It was further concluded, that in caſe any ſhould Fall, or Slip, that then the Combat ſhould ceaſe, and he whoſe ill Fortune had ſo ſubjected him, was to acknowledge his Life to have been in the other's Hands. But in caſe one Party's Sword ſhould break, becauſe that could only chance by Hazard, it was agreed that the other ſhould take no Advantage, but either then be made Friends, or elſe upon even Terms go to it again. Thus theſe Concluſions being each of them related to his Party, was by us both approved, and aſſented to. Accordingly we embarked for *Antwerp*, and by reaſon my Lord, as I conceive, becauſe he could not handſomly, without Danger of Diſcovery, had not paired the Sword I ſent him to *Paris*; bringing one of the ſame

same length, but twice as broad: My *Second* excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the Choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the Challenger's Privilege to elect his Weapon. At the Delivery of the Sword, which was performed by Sir *John Heidon*, it pleased the Lord *Bruce* to chuse my own, and then, past Expostulations, he told him, that he found himself to far behind hand, as a little of my Blood would not serve his Turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own Words) *that so worthy a Gentleman, and my Friend, could not endure to stand by, and see him do that which he must, to satisfie himself, and his Honour.* Hereunto Sir *John Heidon* replied, that such Intentions were bloody and barbarous, far unfitting so Noble a Personage, who should desire to bleed for Reputation, not for Life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those Honourable Offices he came for. The Lord for Answer, only reiterated his former Resolutions; whereupon Sir *John* leaving him the Sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his Determinations. The which, not for Matter, but Manner, so moved me, as though, to my Remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally, than at Dinner, and therefore unfit for such an Action (tying the Surgeons hold a Wound upon a full Stomach much more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my *Second* to certifie him, I would precisely decide the Difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on Horseback, only waited on by our Surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other some twelve Score, about some two *English* Miles: And then, Passion having so weak an Enemy to assail, as my Direction, easily became Victor, and using his Power, made me obedient to his Commands. I being verily mad with Anger, the *Lord Bruce* should thrust after my Life with a kind of Assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly to give him leave to regain his lost Reputation; I bad him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there, in a Meadow Ancle deep in Water at the least, bidding Farewel to our Doublets, in our Shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our Surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our Favours, or their own Safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our Pleasures: We being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a Thrust at my Enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my Arm received a great Wound thereon, which I interpreted as a Reward for my short Shooting; but in Revenge I prest in to him tho' I then miss'd him also, and then receiving a Wound in my right Pap, which past level through my Body, and almost to my Back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest, and dearest Prizes, we could ever expect Trial for, Honour and Life. In which struggling, my Hand, having got an ordinary Glove on it, lost one of her Servants, though the meanest; which hung by a Skin, and to Sight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope, one Day to recover the Use of it again. But at last, Breathless, yet keeping our Holds, there past on both Sides Propositions of quitting each others Sword. But when Amity was dead, Confidence could not live; and who should quit first, was the Question; which, on neither Part, either would perform, and restriving again afresh, with a Kick and a Wrinch together, I freed my long-captived Weapon. Which incontinently levying at his Throat, being Master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his Life, or yield his Sword; both which, though in that eminent Danger, he bravely denied to do. My self being wounded, and feeling loss of Blood, having three Conduits running on me, began to make me faint; and he, courageously persisting not to accord to either of my Propositions, Remembrance of his former bloody Desire, and feeling of my present Estate, I struck at his Heart, but with his avoiding miss'd my Aim, yet past through the Body, and drawing thro' my Sword repast it through again, through another Place; when he cried *Oh! I am slain!* seconding his Speech with all the Force he had, to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his Assault, I easily became Master of him, laying him on his Back; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his Life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a Rate to be beholding for it, bravely replying *he scorned it.* Which Answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my Heart to offer him any more Violence, only keeping him down, 'till at length the Surgeons, afar off, cried out, *he would immediately bleed to death, if his Wounds were not stopped.* Whereupon I asked if he desired his Surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so, being drawn away, I never offered to take his Sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead Man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my Surgeons, in whose Arms after I had remained a while for want of Blood, I lost my Sight, and withal, as I then thought, my Life also. But strong Waters and his Diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great Danger. For my Lord's Surgeon, when no Body dreamt of it, came full at me with his Lord's Sword; and had not mine, with my Sword, interposed himself, I had been slain by those base Hands. Although my Lord *Bruce*, weltring in his Blood, and past all Expectation of Life, conformable to all his former Carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cry'd out, *Rascal! hold thy Hand.* So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this Relation; which I pray you, with the inclosed Letter, deliver to my Lord *Chamberlain.* And so, &c.

Yours,

Lovain, *the* 8*th of* September, 1613. Edward Sackville.

ERRATA, In the *Guardian*, Numb. CXXV. Col. 1. Line 4. for *Battel* read *Bottle*. Line 21. for *Colours* read *Odours*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Robert Norris, on Snow-hill, having had many Years Experience and good Success in the Cure of Diseases, to remove to the Pestle and Mortar near the middle of Hatton-Garden, where he hath a very convenient large House and Garden, Airy and fit to receive Persons of the best Rank of either Sex, with suitable Attendance. Any Person applying themselves as above, may there be satisfied, that the Cure shall be industriously endeavoured (and by God's Blessing effected) on reasonable Terms.

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